

JANE CABLE

(Continued from page 5.)

I told Mrs. Cable that she was mine. The dear old lady believed me; half the battle was won. She paused out of breath, her face full of excitement. "And then?" he asked, once more interested.

"We both wrote to David asking him to come home to his wife and baby." She looked away guiltily. For a full minute Bansemmer did not speak. "The result?" he demanded.

"He came back last month." "Does he know the truth?"

"No, and with God's help he never shall! It's my only salvation!" she exclaimed emotionally. "He thinks she is his baby and—and—" The tears were on her cheeks now. "I worship him, Mr. Bansemmer! Oh, how good and sweet he has been to me since he came back! Now, don't you see why I must adopt this child and why he must never know? If he learned that I had deceived him in this way he would hate me to my dying day."

"The infant was awake and staring at him with wide blue eyes." "And you want me to handle this matter so that your husband will be none the wiser?"

"Oh, Mr. Bansemmer," she cried, "it means everything to me! All depends on this baby. I must adopt her or the asylum people won't let me keep her. Can't it be done so quickly that he'll never find it out?"

"How many people know that the child is not yours?"

"My sister and the authorities at the asylum; not another soul."

"It is possible to arrange the adoption, Mrs. Cable, but I can't guarantee that Mr. Cable will not find it out. The records will show the fact, you know. There is but one way to avoid discovery."

"And that, please?"

"Leave New York and make your home in some distant city. That's the safe way. If you remain here there is always a chance that he may find out. I see the position you're in, and I'll help you. It can be done quite easily, and there is only one thing you'll have to fear—your own tongue."

He concluded pointedly.

"I hate New York, Mr. Bansemmer. David likes the west, and I'll go anywhere on earth if it will keep him from finding out. Oh, if you knew how he adores her!" she cried, regret and ecstasy mingling in her voice. "I'd give my soul if she were only mine!" Bansemmer's heart was too roughly caloused to be touched by the longing in her eyes.

Before the end of the week the adoption of the founding babe was a matter of record, and the unsuspecting David Cable was awaiting a reply from the trainmaster of a big western railroad to whom, at the earnest, even eager solicitation of his wife, he had applied for work. Elias Droom made a note of the fee in the daybook at the office, but asked no questions. Bansemmer had told him nothing of the transaction, but he was confident that the unspeakable Droom knew all about it even though he had not been nearer than the outer office during any of the consultations.

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(To be Continued.)

Use Linonine

(The Flax Seed Emulsion)

It is the utmost in food medicines. Everyone knows the value of a Flax Seed poultice—of the power of Flax Seed Tea. One of the great fundamental truths of medicine is that—Flax Seed contains a large amount of precious vegetable albumen which possesses special efficacy in all wasting diseases and particularly in Coughs, "Colds," Bronchitis and Consumption. If physicians can trust Linonine for these ailments, what further evidence can you want?

But his case was not unique in that day and age of pluck and luck. Many another man had gone from the bottom to the top with the speed and security of the elevator car in the lofty skyscrapers. In the heartless revolution of a few years he became the successor of his western benefactor. The turn that had been kind to him was unkind to his friend and predecessor. The path that led upward for David Cable ran the other way for the trainmaster, who years afterward died in his greasy overalls and the close fitting cap of an engineer. One night Cable read the news of the wreck with all the joy gone from his heart. From the cheap, squalid section of town known as "Railroad End" Cable's rising influence carried him to the well earned luxury. The lines of care and toil mellowed in the face of his pretty wife as the years rolled by. Her comely figure shed the cheap raiment of "hard old days" and took on the plumage of prosperity. Trouble, resentment and worry disappeared as if by magic, smoothed out by the satiny touch of comfort's fingers. She went upward much faster than her husband, for her ambitions were less exacting. She longed to shine socially. He loathed the thought of it. But Cable was proud of his wife. He enjoyed the transition that lifted her up with steady strength to the plane which fitted her best, as he regarded it. She had stuck by him nobly and uncomplainingly through the vicissitudes; it delighted him to give her the pleasures.

Frances Cable was proud, but she had not been too proud to stand beside the man with the greasy overalls and to bend her fine young strength to work in unison with his. Together, facing the task, cheerfully they had battled and won.

There were days when it was hard to smile, but the next day always brought with it a fresh sign of hope. The tough, hard days in the far west culminated in his elevation to the office

of general manager of the great railroad system, whose headquarters and home were in the city of Chicago. Attaining this high place two years prior to the opening of this narrative, he was regarded now as one of the brainiest railroad men and slated to be president of the road at the next meeting.

Barely past fifty years of age, David Cable was in the prime of life and usefulness. Age and prosperity had improved him greatly. The iron gray of his hair, the keen brightness of his face, the erect and soldierly carriage of his person, made him a striking figure. His wife, ten years his junior, was one of the most attractive women in Chicago. Her girlish beauty had refined under the blasts of adversity. Years had not been unkind to her. In a way she was the leader of a certain set, but her social ambitions were not content. There was a higher altitude in fashion's realm. Money, influence and perseverance were her allies, social despotism her only adversary.

The tall, beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Cables was worshipped by her father with all the warmth and ardor of his soul. Times there were when he looked in wonder upon this arbuter of not a few many destinies and for his life could not help asking himself how the Creator had given him such a being for a child, commenting on the fact that she bore resemblance to neither parent.

For years Mrs. Cable had lived in no little terror of some day being found out. As the child grew to womanhood the fears gradually diminished, and a sense of security that would not be disturbed was reaching out. Then just as she was reaching out for the chief prizes of her ambition she came face to face with a man whose visage she never had forgotten—Elias Droom! And Frances Cable looked again into the old and terrifying shadows.

It was late in the afternoon, and she was crossing the sidewalk to her carriage, waiting near Field's, when a man brushed against her. She was conscious of a strange oppressiveness. Before she turned to look at him she knew that a pair of staring eyes were upon her face. Something seemed to have closed relentlessly upon her heart. A glance was sufficient. The tall, angular form stood almost over her; the two wide blue eyes looked down in feigned surprise; the never to be forgotten voice greeted her hoarsely: "Good afternoon, Mrs. Cable! And how is the baby?"

"The baby?" she faltered. Struggle against it as she would, a sort of fascination drew her gaze toward the remarkable face of the old clerk. "Why—why—she's very well, thank you," she finally stammered. Her face was as white as a ghost. With a shudder she started to pass him. Droom blocked the way.

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Constipation Caused By Indigestion

Is Cured By Helping the Stomach Do Its Work As It Should.

All forms of constipation, bowel or intestinal trouble owe most of their origin to the improper digestion of food. The bowels measure 30 feet. The inside walls or surfaces are wound tightly about with millions of nerves. These nerves give life and control millions of little mouths or suckers which are supposed to take nourishment from the food as it leaves the stomach and passes along this 30-foot human canal.

When indigestion, dyspepsia or stomach trouble occurs, the food being undigested, passes over the stomach of mouths, it is a fermented decaying mass and holds no nourishment as it should. The little mouths suck it up, impart these impurities to the blood, impregnate the little nerves with poison and so the work of constipation and bowel trouble begins.

A natural juice or secretion belongs normally in the little cells and glands along the mucous membrane of the 30-foot canal or bowels. When indigestion occurs this juice is lacking and so the mass of waste matter cannot pass along as it should and is piled up and causes the bowel thus bringing pain and misery.

After a while the nerves and nerve centers which give vigor and life to the bowels become paralyzed, thus ever prohibiting the bowel from performing its natural duties.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, when taken after meals, digests the food properly even though the stomach is sick and it passes to the bowels nourishment and juices, which help the intestines not only to do their work at once, but build them up, restore vitality to the nerves, brings new secretion to the glands and cells, helps bowel action and enriches the blood.

The stomach is the cause. Common sense and science are one on this point. You see it yourself. One little grain of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will properly digest 3,000 grains of food. Assimilation of a meal by one of these tablets is an easy matter and it keeps the stomach clean and sweet so that in a brief time the food is restored.

Every druggist carries them in stock, price 60c. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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